

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, June , with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1336 Nineteenth Street. Friday, June. My dear Alec:

I am so thankful for two things, first that you are on the cool ocean, and secondly that I am here. I never could have borne to have left Mamma on Wednesday, at the same time it would have distressed and worried me beyond measure to have kept you here. Poor Mamma has been very ill, suffering dreadfully from the neuralgic pain all around her waist, she was in a dreadful condition yesterday morning after a long wakeful night of constant pain. Dr. Kerr said Papa ought to have sent for him in the night, but when he did come he gave her a hypodermic injection of morphine which gave her several hours of sleep all day from which she awoke feeling rested and quite free from pain. She slept naturally all night and the doctor says is really better today free from pain. The irruption however continues, and must for several days longer, and until she begins to really improve I cannot be content to leave her. Not having you here to tell me that it is very hot I think it perfectly comfortable, and do not expect to suffer from the heat. The christening went off all right. The baby screamed lustily as the water was too cold, but Grace was satisfied, for now she knows both that the evil spirit has gone out and that he is sure to make a noise in the world. I gave the responses very clearly — Willie Winlock very softly, Lewis not at all. I thought us a very good type of the influences that will away the man's life, that of faith loud, doubt soft, disbelief silence. I fear our Lewis will be the triumphant influence. I wonder whither we are all tending. I have just taken a picture of the children on 2 the hay cart, I hope it will be successful. Mr. McCurdy gave me the photographs of Beinn Bhreagh lodge last night, I am delighted with them and long to be under it's breezy verandahs. I am only disappointed that the roof looks too low for servants rooms, yet I must have them somehow. I need also the four bedrooms for company, and even if Grace were not going

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to be at Crescent Grove I couldn't bear to be there. Mr. McCurdy suggests that the children rent me one of the rooms in their cottage for the girls, but I fear they won't like being off by themselves. Do please see if I can't have a room in the roof. How is my Marian, I miss her dreadfully, I have no more daisies brought me at every little while and I miss then and my little girl 's willing feet. Tell her to take good care of Papa and see how many errands she can run for Grandmamma.

Yours ever lovingly, May.